

THE ALBUQUERQUE CITIZEN

By The Citizen Publishing Company

Published Daily and Weekly
W. S. STRICKLER President
W. T. McCREIGHT Business Manager

LETTER ANSWERED

"Alexander F. McAllister, county recorder and clerk of board of supervisors, Navajo county, Holbrook, Ariz., is due a letter from The Citizen; for not only did he write this paper a letter, signed with the name he bears in Arizona, and enclosed in an envelope carrying that name and the office titles which at present accompany it, but he was evidently so well pleased with this epistolary effort of his genius, that he published the same letter in the Winslow Mail, as an open letter to The Citizen.

There was a single, solitary difference in the two letters, and that difference lay in the signature. The letter which came through the mail was signed plain, every day "McAllister," while the copy published in the Mail was signed "Ajax." There were two Homeric heroes of that name. They were "Ajax, the son of Telamon and bravest of the Greeks before Troy, next to Achilles," and "the son of Oileus, the lesser Ajax, dexterous and brutal Greek hero in the Trojan war." It was not necessary for the "county recorder and clerk of board of supervisors" to inform the public as to which of these ancients he is related by descent or similarity. His work speaks for itself.

Of course, The Citizen cannot determine whether the letter was written for the Mail and McAllister was so pleased with it that he had it typewritten and sent to The Citizen, or whether it was written for The Citizen and McAllister was so pleased with it he got Ajax to have it published. Nor does it matter materially. The result is the same, the evident satisfaction of McAllister with this handling of his brain. But the purpose of the letter is manifest. McAllister found it necessary to vent his venom, and he selected The Citizen and the Messrs. Bird and Ling of Arizona and Rodey of New Mexico as the objects of his ire.

Probably the best remembered story of the Ajax of olden time, is that one perpetuated in a picture, and named "Ajax Defying the Lightning." The mighty man of war got mad at something and went out into a storm, bare-headed, shook his fist at the lightning and dared it to strike him. Perhaps, it was this incident which led McAllister to assume the name. The thunders rolled and the lightning flashed, but Great Jove paid no attention to the foolhardy Greek. So Messrs. Ling, Bird and Rodey may pay no attention to McAllister; but if they shall conclude to strike, may the Lord have mercy on him. There will be nothing left but the name and the office.

Of The Citizen McAllister says: You and the rest of your territorial press have followed in the same lines. "A New Mormon State," "Mormon Hierarchy," and "Of-fishholders League," etc. This was the hue and cry you raised in the campaign against statehood for Arizona. You had not the generosity to let us work out our own salvation nor the gentleness to say, "Let the people of Arizona declare at the polls their sentiments as to their admission as a separate state." You raised the bugaboo of Mormon predominance if granted separate statehood, etc.

Every statement in this charge is an absolute and unmitigated falsehood, as every reader of The Citizen well knows. This paper never raised hue and cry against statehood for Arizona and not one line can be produced from its utterances which can be so interpreted. We have advocated the submission of the question to the people of Arizona at the polls, and have condemned the Phoenix movement because it proposes to have the bill for joint admission killed in congress, thus preventing its submission to the people. Neither have we raised the bugaboo of Mormon predominance, as a perusal of our pages will fall to show anything whatever which can be so construed. The fact is that The Citizen has had but little to say concerning the statehood controversy in Arizona, limiting itself almost exclusively to copying some of the utterances of the Arizona papers on the subject; and even this has been done quite sparingly.

If McAllister is not a reader of The Citizen, according to what law of God or man does he presume to tell the public what The Citizen has said and done? If he is a reader of The Citizen, then is he one of those careful penurious people who read a paper which some one else has paid for; because it has been several years since the name of Sandy McAllister appeared on The Citizen list.

PALACE BARRIERS

Would you look at the saddest picture to be found in the coal mining regions of Pennsylvania, a picture that has for its setting the cabins of miners, in a country where there are too few schools, too few clothes, too few comforts, and where the children often know the pangs of hunger? Then look at The Citizen's first page this evening.

Look at the magnificent home of J. B. Markie, mine owner, at Jeddo. It is a palace and was built out of the labor of those men who toil underground; who risk their lives every working moment. Surely Mr. Markie must be grateful to those toilers of the mines! Their labor makes him welcome at bank, gives him fine furniture, and soft beds. He can travel when he wills. He can enjoy music, and art, and society, for those men of the mines are coining dollars for him.

Around the Markie palace, that rubs elbows with the homes of poverty, is a barbed wire fence. Beyond this is an iron fence. Outside of this barricade is a screen netting and last is a thick, prickly hedge. And all this to protect John B. Markie from what?

Have the relations of capital and labor in the coal mining regions reached such a stage that there is not a vestige of brotherly love and confidence left? One wonders if there are Gatlings in John B. Markie's cellar, and pistols and bombs and rifles stored in the palace that stands surrounded by its four-pronged trocha. And, also, if a strike which gave to labor only a minute share of the wealth it created has so hardened his heart that he would rather live entrenched and as far from his employees as some kings are from their subjects.

It has been said that the great strike left hatred in the hearts of the coal barons, and that they are hating, not only for more profits, but for revenge. It was hard to believe that until the barriers were seen about that palace, in the little town of Jeddo, away down in Pennsylvania.

WILL ACCEPT ANY

The Las Vegas Optic of yesterday evening had the calmest and ablest editorial in favor of one more effort for single statehood, before accepting the proposal for jointure, which The Citizen has seen since the jointure proposition has been broached. The Citizen is for statehood—any kind of statehood we can get. This paper may be of the opinion that joint statehood is really to be preferred to single statehood, and it is firmly convinced that joint statehood is the only kind that congress will give us at this time, if, indeed, it will give us any at all.

In this connection comes to mind the story of two prayers. A very devout young minister wanted a wife, and he knew and loved a young lady whom he thought to be the one of all others for the place. However, he prayed for divine guidance, winding up his prayer, "But, Lord, let it be Betsy!" Some are that way about statehood. The Citizen is rather like the maiden lady of uncertain age who, being in a secluded wood, prayed aloud for a husband. An owl in a tree cried out, "Who, who he, who?" The maiden replied, "Anybody, Lord, I don't care who!" That is The Citizen's ticket. It won't be found refusing any kind.

The Optic said on Saturday, as the sentiment of the late congressional junketing party, "The sooner the agitation of the joint statehooders is dropped the sooner the territories will come in;" but Saturday, Congressman Tawney, "the head of the congressional party," said "The wisest move for these two territories at this time would be to cease agitating the statehood question altogether." The Optic by all means, should set Congressman Tawney right as to the sentiment of the party, of which he was the acknowledged head.

GAME OF ONE, TWO, THREE

PLAYED BY INFANCY AND AGE
H. C. Runner

It was an old, old, old lady,
And a boy that was half-past three,
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping
And the boy, no more could he;
For he was a thin little fellow,
With a thin little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight,
Out under the maple tree;
And the game that they played I'll tell you,
Just as it was told to me.

It was Hyde and Go Seek they were playing,
Though you'd never have known it to be—
With an old, old, old, old lady
And a boy with a twisted knee.

"You are in the china closet!"
He would cry and laugh with glee—
It wasn't the china closet,
But he still had Two and Three.

"You are up in papa's big bedroom,
In the chest with queer old key,"
And she said: "You are warm and warmer
But you're not quite right," said she.

"It can't be the little cupboard
Where mamma's things used to be—
So it must be the clothes-dress gran'ma,"
And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,
They were wrinkled and white and wee,
And she guessed where the boy was hiding,
With a One and a Two and a Three.

And they never have stirred from their places,
Right under the maple tree—
This old, old, old, old lady
And the boy with the lame little knee—
This dear, dear, dear old lady
And the boy who was half past three.

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST

NOT LAW OF MAN'S LIFE
By Dr. Washington Gladden



At last we have a clear statement of the philosophy of multi-millionism. A group of admirers and defenders, gathered about the most conspicuous of the multi-millionaires, listens with interest and applause while their spokesman expounds the principles on which he has risen to eminence. From this exposition there is no dissent; we may therefore accept it as authoritative.

After some discussion of railway rates, whose relation to this vast fortune seemed to be recognized, the apologist and eulogist laid down this broad principle as governing the whole business: "The law of the survival of the fittest is a law too firmly established to be overturned or even long delayed by legislative enactments."

That this is the very law by which these gigantic fortunes have been built up is not, indeed, news; but it is unnatural to have the fact so distinctly avowed. The curious fact is that anyone should conceive of this as being the true principle of human society. That it rules, to a very large extent, among the lower animals is an undoubted fact. The big fishes eat the little ones; the strong in every kingdom, devour the weak.

But our evolutionists are pointing out to us that as we rise, in the ascent of life, this law is superseded by a higher law, the law of sympathy, the law of service. John Fiske, in particular, the ablest American exponent of evolutionism, shows us how, when man comes on the scene, the lengthening period of infancy calls for the monogamous family, and lays the foundation of social morality, whose basis is sympathy and helpful service.

Thus nature provides for "casting off the brute inheritance," for moralizing human relations, for ennobling a new principle. The law of the survival of the fittest is the law of the woods and the wild beasts. It is not the law of the higher human relations.

Men become moral by subordinating this law of the jungle and exalting above it the higher law which identifies us with our fellows, and makes our happiness consist, not in exterminating our rivals, but in sharing the good of life with our neighbors.

It is, of course, entirely clear that the principle which governs much of the conduct of those who have built up enormous fortunes upon the ruin of their fellow men is the principle of "the survival of the fittest" and it is well to have our attention so sharply called to the fact. It is also true and even astounding that ministers of the gospel and religious editors have recently recognized the same principle as lying at the basis of these vast accumulations, and have, apparently, sought to justify it.

It would not seem to be necessary to argue that "the law of the survival of the fittest" is not the Christian law; but it may be well to remember that even in the view of intelligent evolutionists it is not the normal law of human society, but a part of "the brute inheritance" of which we have as yet very imperfectly got rid of.

SOME STORIES WISE

AND SOME OTHERWISE

Not the Right Man.

Governor Stokes, of New Jersey, tells this one on a certain day in South Carolina:

"There was a railroad collision near a country town in South Carolina," he said, "and just as the trains met a southern darkey was passing along a country road beside the lone track. A piece of iron from the wreck flew over to this darkey and laid him low. My friend, the lawyer, who was wide awake to business, heard of the collision and hurried to the scene. Just before reaching the scene he met this darkey struggling up the road with his hands to his head and moaning with pain. My friend, looking for business and thinking the darkey was one of the victims, went up and stopped him.

"How about damages," he began.
The sufferer waved him off.
"G'way, boss, g'way," he cried. "Ah never hit de train. Ah never done such a ting in all mah life! Ah clyant git no damages out ob me!"

Slightly Embarassing.

A Philadelphia business man tells this one on himself:

"You know in this city there are two telephone companies," he said, "and in my office I have a telephone of each company. Last week I hired a new office boy, and one of his duties was to answer the telephone. The other day, when one of the bells rang he answered the call and then came in, and told me I was wanted on the phone by my wife.

"Which one?" I inquired quickly, thinking of the two telephones, of course.
"Please, sir," stammered the boy, "I don't know how many you have."

MARKET REPORT

Closing quotations Received by Levy Bros., Correspondents for Logan & Bryan, Barnett Building.

Amalgamated Copper	84 1/2
American Sugar	43
Atchison, com.	83
Atchison, pfd.	105
Baltimore & Ohio	113 1/2
Brooklyn Rapid Transit	78
Canadian Pacific	172 1/2
Colorado Fuel & Iron	46 1/2
Colorado Southern, com.	28
Colorado Southern, second	44
Chicago, Great Western, com.	21 1/2
C. & O.	57 1/2
Erie, com.	48 1/2
Erie, first	81 1/2
Louisville & Nashville	153
Missouri Pacific	104 1/2
Metropolitan	125 1/2
Mexican Central	24 1/2
New York Central	153 1/2
Norfolk	87 1/2
Reading, com.	124 1/2
Pennsylvania	145
Rock Island, com.	21 1/2
Rock Island, pfd.	74 1/2
Republic Iron & Steel, com.	41 1/2
Republic Iron & Steel, pfd.	56 1/2
Southern Pacific	71 1/2
St. Paul	181 1/2
Southern Railway	37 1/2
Tennessee Coal & Iron	88 1/2
Texas Pacific	35 1/2
Union Pacific, com.	133 1/2
U. S. S., com.	38 1/2
U. S. S., pfd.	105
Wabash, com.	21 1/2
Wabash, pfd.	42 1/2
Western Union	93
O. & W.	55 1/2
Greene Copper	27 1/2

SNEAK THIEF VISITS LA VETA ROOMING HOUSE

RANSACKS APARTMENTS OF SEVERAL ROOMERS SECURING MONEY AND OTHER VALUABLES.

Sometime between the hours of 12 and 1 o'clock last night, a sneak thief entered the La Veta rooming house, 115 West Lead avenue, and ransacked the apartments of several of the guests. It is not known just how much plunder the thief secured, but from one roomer a suit of clothes, a small amount of money and a watch was stolen.

Officer Thomas Jordan was called as soon as the robbery was discovered and he made a thorough investigation, but failed to locate the thief. In looking about he arrested a man hanging around near the house. Around the man's neck and brass buttons the inscription, "I am deaf and dumb." He was also passing out some cards bearing the same inscription. The officer walked up to him and said: "Where do you work?"

"Quaking with fright at the sight of the officer and brass buttons he forgotting that he was supposed to be deaf and dumb, he replied: "I don't work."

The officer took him in charge. Other than this no clue has been obtained of the thief up to this afternoon.

During the last few days an unusual amount of petty thieving has been going on and the police are determined to put a stop to it and land the guilty parties in jail.

THE MAZE.

Iron Beds, full size	\$2.50
Springs, for Iron Beds	\$2.00
Full size Coll Bed Springs	\$2.25
Woven Wire Folding Cots	\$2.00
Heavy Cotton Coil size Mattress	\$2.75
Sheet Iron Heating Stoves	\$1.35
An Al Case Heating Stove	\$3.00
28x28 Stone Boards	70c
If you use nails, see us.	
Large, heavyweight Horse Blankets	\$2.00
Wagon Covers, from \$1.75 to	\$5.00
Lunch Buckets	80c
A Fine Velvet Rug	\$2.35
Saddles, \$7.50 and	\$13.50
Riding Brides, 75c to	\$1.50
Children's Go-Carts, \$2.75 and	\$4.25
We carry the most complete line of tents, flys and tenting supplies to be found in town.	
Buck Saws	65c
Handled Axes	\$1.00
Boys' Axes	50c
Blankets, from 65c to	\$9.00
Comforters, from 95c to	\$4.00
Buggy Whips, from 10c to	\$1.00
Harness Soap	15c
Hoop Oil, per can	10c
Peruna	20c
Pinkham's Vegetable Compound	90c
S. S. E. 90c and	\$1.65
Hall's Hair Renewer	90c

THE MAZE.

William Kieck, Proprietor.

So far as they go, Schilling's Best take doubt and difficulty out of getting your table supplies.

As your grocer's moneyback

Spend your leisure time at the pool hall at No. 115 West Railroad avenue.

A Pleasure to All.
No Pill is as pleasant and positive as DeWitt's Little Early Risers. These Famous Little Pills are so mild and effective that children, delicate ladies and weak people enjoy their cleansing effect, while strong people say they are the best liver pills sold. Sold by all druggists.

COMING EVENTS

October 28—"Polly Primrose."
November 1—"Uncle Josh Spruce."
November 2—"The Chaperones."

Any pair of overalls in the store for 75c—Saturday only. Simon Stern, the Railroad avenue clothier.

IVES, THE FLORIST.

Fresh Cut Flowers.
For All Kinds of Piles.
To draw the fire out of a burn, heal a cut without leaving a scar, or to cure boils, sores, tetter, eczema and fall skin and scalp diseases, use DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. A specific for blind, bleeding, itching and protruding piles. Stops the pain instantly and cures permanently. Get the genuine. Sold by all druggists.

See the window display of the Rio Grande Woolen Mills at the Globe store, then ask for those \$3.50 walking skirts.

Subscribe for The Citizen and get the news.

Young Men's Suits

Most young men come here for clothes. Many of them could not be induced to go elsewhere. I take great pains in having my young men's clothes

Just Right

The young man wants all the late style kinks, and gets them all when he comes here. The longer coat, wider collar and lapels, and the loose trousers are some of the features the young gentleman will want in evidence in his fall suit.

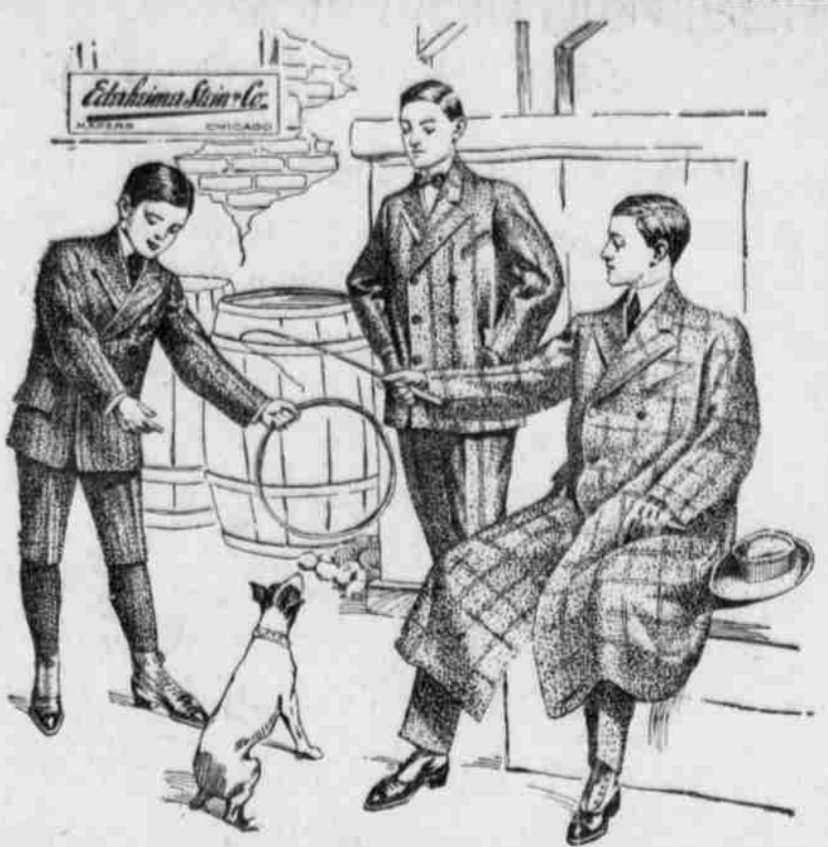
Young Men's Double \$7.50 to \$20.00
Young Men's Single \$9.50 to \$20.00

The young man that has never been here for clothes will do well to come.

AGENT FOR DR. JAEGER'S SANITARY UNDERWEAR.

M. MANDELL

The Clothier and Furnisher.



THE CELEBRATED
O. F. C. WHISKEY
Bottled in Bond.
The Geo. T. Stagg Co.
Distillers,
FRANKFORT, KY.
MELINI & EAKIN
Sole Agents.
Albuquerque, N. M.
Automatic Phone, 199.

HIGHLAND LIVERY STABLE
Boarding Horses a Specialty
O. F. PLATT,
The real cleaner and dyer. Ladies' and gentlemen's fine clothes a specialty. Portieres, lace curtains, etc. 1411 North Fifth street. Old phone, Red, 266-2. Automatic phone, 675.

The Albuquerque Hatters and Steam Cleaners
Hats cleaned and blocked in any style. Clothing steam cleaned and pressed. Corner of Third street and Gold avenue, in the car.

O. W. Strong's Sons
STRONG BLOCK.
UNDERTAKERS
Superintendents Fairview and Santa Barbara Cemeteries.
MONUMENTS.
201-211 N. Second St., Both Phones.

M. DRAGOIE
—Dealers in—
GENERAL MERCHANDISE,
Groceries, Cigars and Tobacco, and all kinds of Fresh Meat.
300 North Broadway, Corner of Washington Avenue. ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.
AMBULANCE
For Moving the Sick or Injured.
Prompt Service Day or Night.
O. W. STRONG'S SONS
Colo. Phone. 75. Automatic. 147

GO TO THE
New Planing Mill
South of Viaduct, on First Street.
Special Machinery
FOR ALL KINDS OF WORK.
G. E. GUSTAFSON, Proprietor.

JEMEZ HOT SPRINGS STAGE LINE
Carries the United States mail; only line with a change of stock en route; good rigs, horses and drivers; rig leaves Albuquerque every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 5 a. m. For particulars, address W. L. Trimble & Co., agents, Albuquerque, N. M., or J. B. BLOCK, Proprietor, Pecos, N. M.
Special sale of fine Bath Robe Blankets, just the thing for your winter Bath Robe. Choice, \$2 each. See window display at the Golden Rule Dry Goods company.

See the window display of the Rio Grande Woolen Mills at the Globe store, then ask for those \$3.50 walking skirts.
Don't wait for an explosion—cook with gas—the humane way.
"Mother was lucky"—papa bought a gas range.
Citizen want ads get the business. Try one.

The Happy Housewife
Who takes pride in her bread and cake making knows the pleasure and satisfaction to be had by the use of Empress mill flour. She knows her bread will be the whitest, sweetest, most nutritious and healthful, and her cakes, pies and pastry dainty, delicate and light.
M. BERGER
114 West Central avenue.

KEEP YOUR HORSE COMFORT
Cold Weather Means
Horse Blankets and Lap
We have them in all kinds of prices. SPECIAL LOW PRICE NOW, as we bought a large quantity direct from the factory.
J. KORBER & CO.
Corner of First Street and Copper Avenue, Albuquerque, N. M.

HOUSE furnishers
Installment Plan Easy Payments
FURNITURE, IRON BEDS, BEDDING, ART SQUARES,
STOVES, RANGES, WINDOW SHADES, CAMPING OUTFITS,
Household Goods, Bought, Sold or Exchanged

BORRADAILE & CO.
117 Gold Avenue, - Albuquerque, New Mexico

PENINSULAR RANGE
Time, Labor and Money
The saving of time means comfort. The saving of labor means ease. The saving of money means economy. All these savings can best be attained by installing a
PENINSULAR RANGE
In dollars and cents they cost no more. In quality they are superior. In durability they last longer. One-third better than any other. You are most cordially invited to examine our new line.
Prices in Plain Figures \$30 and Up
Old stoves taken at a fair valuation.
THE McBRIN FURNITURE CO., 205 Gold Ave.

O. A. MATSON & CO.
Fine Stationery
202 WEST RAILROAD AVENUE

RIO GRANDE LUMBER CO.
General Building Supplies
SCREEN DOORS
Both Phones. Third and Marquette

The St. Elmo
Finest Whiskies Wines, Brandies, Etc.
JOSEPH BARNETT, Prop.
120 West Railroad Avenue
SAMPLE AND CLUB ROOMS